

*The contention of the two famous Houses,*

Till I do talke a word with *Warwicke*.

Now *Warwicke*, euen vpon thy honor tell me true;

Is *Edward* lawfull King, or no?

For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawfull heire.

*War.* Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credite.

*Lewis.* VVhat, is he gracious in the peoples eyes?

*War.* The more, that *Henry* is vnfortunate.

*Lewis.* VVhat, is his loue to our Sister *Bona*?

*War.* Such it seemes,

As may befeeme a Monarch like himselfe.

My selfe haue often heard him say and sweare,

That this his loue was an eternall plant,

The roote whereof was fixt in vertues ground,

The leaues and fruite maintain'd with beauties sunne,

Exempt from enuy, but not from disdaine,

Vnlesse the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.

*Lew.* Then sister let vs heare your firme resolute.

*Bona.* Your grant or deniall shall be mine,

But ere this day I must confesse, when I

Haue heard your Kings deserts recounted,

Mine cares haue tempted iudgement to desire.

*Lew.* Then draw neere *Queene Margaret*, and be a witnesse,

That *Bona* shall be wife to the English King.

*Prince Edw.* To *Edward*, but not the English King.

*War.* *Henry* now liues in Scotland at his ease,

VVhere hauing nothing, nothing can he lose,

And as for you your selfe, our quondam *Queene*,

You haue a father able to maintaine your state,

And better 'twere to trouble him then France.

*Sound for a Poste within.*

*Lewis.* Heere comes some Poste *Warwicke*, to thee or vs.

*Poste.* My Lord ambassador, this Letter is for you,

Sent from your brother, *Marquesse Montague*.

This from our King, vnto your Maiesty.

And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.

*Oxf.* I like it well, that our faire *Queene* and *Mistresse*,

Smiles

*Yorke and Lancaster.*

Smiles at her newes, when *Warwicke* frets a

*P. Ed.* And marke how *Lewis* stampes as

*Lew.* Now *Margaret* & *Warwicke*, wha

*Queen.* Mine is such, as fills my heart wi

*War.* Mine, full of sorrow and hearts dis

*Lew.* What, hath your King married the

And now to excuse himselfe, sends vs a po

How dares he presume to vse vs thus?

*Qu.* This prboueth *Edwards* loue, and

*War.* King *Lewis*, I heere protest in sigh

And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,

That I am cleere from this misdeed of *Edw*

Nomore my King, for he dishonors me,

And most himselfe, if he could see his sham

Did I forget, that by the house of *Yorke*,

My father came to an vntimely death?

Did I let passe the abuse done to thy Neece

Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne

And thrust King *Henry* from his natie hor

And (most vngratefull) doth he vse me th

My gracious *Queene*, pardon what is past

And henceforth I am thy true seruitor:

I will reuenge the wrongs done to Lady *B*

And replant *Henry* in his former state.

*Q.* Yes *Warwick*, Ile quite forget thy fo

If now thou wilt become King *Henries* frie

*War.* So much his friend, I his vnfaired

That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish vs

With some few bands of chosen soldiers,

Ile vnder take to land them on our coast,

And force the Tyrant from his seate by wa

Tis not his new made bride shall succour h

*Lew.* Then at the last I firmly am resolu'

You shall haue aide: and English messeng

In post, and tell false *Edward* thy suppo

That *Lewis* of France is sending ouer *Ma*

To reuell it with him, and his new bride.

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